

The Comical Historie of

I hate him, for he is a Christian :
But more, for that in low simplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of usance here with us in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes,
Even there vvhether Merchants most doe congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls Interest : Cursed be my Tribe
If I forgive him. *Bass. Shylocke*, doe you heare ?

Shyl. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere guesse of my memorie,
I cannot instantly raise up the grosse
Of full three thousand Ducats : vvhhat of that ?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me ; but soft, how many months
Doe you desire ? Rest you faire good Signior,
Your worship vvas the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excessse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a custome : is he yet posselt.
How much ye would ? *Shyl.* I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shyl. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your Bond : and let me see, but heare you,
Me thought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon advantage. *Ant.* I doe never use it.

Shyl. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* Sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* vvas
(As his wife Mother vvrought in his behalfe)
The third Possessor ; I, hee vvas the third.

Ant. And vvhhat of him, did he take Interest ?

Shyl. No, not take Interest, not as you would say
Directly Interest ; marke vvhhat *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himselfe vvas compremiz'd,
That all the Eanelings vvhich vvhere streak't and pied

Should

the Merchant of Venice.

Should fall as *Iacobs* hire, the Ewes being ranke
In end of Autumne, turned to the Rammes ;
And vvhhen the worke of generation was
Betweene these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull Shepherd pyl'd me certaine vvands ;
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
He stucke them up before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceaving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd Lambs, and those vvvere *Iacobs*.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest :
And thrift is Blessing, if men steale it not.

Ant. This vvas a venture Sir, that *Iacob* serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But swaid and fashio'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make Interest good ;
Or is your gold and silver, Ewes and Rammes ?

Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast ;
But note mee Signior.

Ant. Marke you this, *Bassanio*,
The Devill can cite Scripture for his purpose ;
An evill soule producing holy vvitnesse,
Is like a villaine with a smiling checke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

O what a goodly out-side Falshood hath !
Shyl. Three thousand Ducats, 'tis a good round Sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, shall we be beholding to you ?

Shyl. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft,
In the Ryalto, you have rated mee
About my monies and my usances,
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug :
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe)
You call me mis-beleeve, cut-throat dog,
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that vvhich is mine owne.
Well then, it now appears you need my helpe :
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylocke, we would have monies, you say so :

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